



### COUNTRY CRICKET. THE WICKET QUESTION.

LITTLE SIMKINS—HAVING HAD, IN THE ABSENCE OF ONE OF HIS TEAM, TO KEEP WICKET—COMES TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THE WICKETS SHOULD CERTAINLY BE MUCH WIDER, AND A GOOD DEAL HIGHER TOO!

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Dictionary of National Biography* (SMITH, ELDER) is not everybody's market. The sixty-six volumes of which it is composed cost within a fraction of £50. Whence it will appear the enviable possessor requires not only a long purse but plenty of house room. To the late Mr. GEORGE SMITH, the princely publisher to whom the world is indebted for a monumental work, the completion of which involved large pecuniary sacrifices, came the happy thought of adding by way of supplement a volume summarising the illimitable facts set forth in the sixty-six volumes. Under the direction of Mr. SIDNEY LEE, who took up the task of editorship when, a third way through, Sir LESLIE STEPHEN withdrew from the arduous task, there has been compiled in a volume of 1,456 pages a priceless epitome of the Biographies set forth at more or less length in the three score tomes and six. My Baronite affirms that this one volume is for the working literary man almost equal to the value of the sixty-six. That is a paradoxical statement. But it has something more than the ordinary measure of truth contained in paradox. The book contains biographical details of over thirty thousand noteworthy inhabitants of the British Islands and the Colonies, from the earliest historical period to the date of the death of Queen VICTORIA. Even the late *Oliver Twist* (notice of whom is, by the way, omitted from an otherwise scrupulously full catalogue) could not ask for more. For those who possess the whole work

reference is given in each biographical note to the number and page of the volume containing the longer article. For ordinary research this epitome serves every purpose.

*Beneath the Veil*, by ADELINE SERGEANT (JOHN LONG), is a romance whereof the commencement excites curiosity which, as the plot turns upon a purely theatrical simulation of character, involving an utter improbability, is doomed to disappointment. This one incident has before now done duty effectively in farce, as in *The Ringdoves* and in *Opéra-bouffe*, only that in these two instances the lover personates the intended bridegroom, while here it is an experienced lady of thirty successfully disguising herself as her young step-sister of nineteen. The bridegroom is a sharp man of the world, and does not discover the trick! However, admit the improbability, and the story, though spun out to too great a length, will amuse most novel-readers.

Particularly useful just now are some small books entitled *Nights at the Opera*, by WAKELING DRY (The De La More Press), a name of good omen when dealing with such a watery and stormy subject as *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, while the writer's *prénom*, as intimating the unusual hour for the commencement of the Wagnerian performances, suggests the Tennysonian line as a motto—"If you're WAKELING call me early." In each little book there are pages left blank for any composition to be written down by the musical student or notes by THE BARON DE B.-W.

## A WAGNER DIALOGUE.

[The metrical portion of the following scene is modelled upon Mr. ALFRED FORMAN's popular perversion of *The Nibelung's Ring*, composed, as he puts it, "in the alliterative verse of the original."]

## CHARACTERS.

The DUCHESS (who subscribes to the Opera but never goes near the "Ring.")

REGINALD (who is suffering from Rhine-water-on-the-brain, being wedded to an unflinching votary of WAGNER.)

SCENE—The DUCHESS's Drawing-room in Mayfair.

TIME—3.15 on a fine Götterdämmerung afternoon.

The DUCHESS is seated in the act of digesting a heavy luncheon. Enter REGINALD, very haggard from compulsory assistance at the Cycle.

The DUCHESS. But, my dear REGGIE, how pale you look! And what are you doing in evening dress at this time of day? Didn't you get to bed at all last night?

Reginald. Worn am I out!  
Of afternoon watches  
This makes the third!  
Too soon for the season,  
Ere sinketh the sun,  
Falls at four precisely  
The dusk of the deities.  
Mightless to match  
The will of my wife,  
Hie I to the Hoop,  
To the Waning of Wallhall!

Duch. REGGIE, you are wandering. You are not yourself. Won't you ring for some brandy-and-soda?

Reg. (ringing for Footman).  
Thanks. Of my throat  
The drought am I fain  
To drench with a nip  
Of the Nothung, or Needful.

Enter Footman.

Duch. THOMAS, some brandy-and-soda, quick.

Reg. Numbed by this brew  
Unshattered my nerves  
Shall be by the shock.  
When the virtueless villain  
Smites in the small  
Of his back the bigamous  
Bridegroom of Brünnhild.

Duch. "Broonhilda!" Isn't she somebody in WAGNER? Of course. I understand now. Poor dear boy! How you must have suffered!

Reg. Ware as a wink  
Of the Wanderer's Wall-eye,  
Discovers my state  
Thy keen understanding;  
The gist of my réde  
Aright hast thou judged.

Enter THOMAS; he pours out brandy, then adds soda till arrested by REGINALD.

Held be thy hand!  
With measureless waste  
Of mineral waters  
Mar not the mead.

THOMAS retires with an air of not noticing anything unusual. REGINALD drinks, and at the same time addresses the DUCHESS.

So drain I the draught  
With of slumber the seed  
Sluicing my soul,  
As soused was the wit  
Of Siegfried in wassail,  
Enough for my needs  
Till the dolorous dark  
Is spent, and a space  
Of leisureless freedom  
Allowed for refreshments.

Duch. Poor dear! I agree with every word you say, though of course I could not have expressed it so happily. I'm sure I appreciate really good music as much as anybody; but I can't stand sitting all that time with the lights down so that you can't see what the women are wearing in the other boxes! No wonder so many of the best people keep away. And then scrambling your dinner just anywhere and anyhow! And the daylight so bad for the complexion, like the old-fashioned Drawing-rooms in the Victorian Era! I must say I do think your wife is brave to go through it all. I suppose she gets enthusiastic and forgets everything, like people do when they catch religious mania. But you must get dreadfully bored and that, having to pretend all the time. Couldn't you find somebody else to look after her?

Reg. Like WOTAN, but vainly,  
Valorous heroes  
To stick in my Wal-stall  
Hunted I up!  
Answered me each one:  
"This Cycle thou talk'st of—  
Say, is it tuny  
Like to the Toreador?  
Or bristles it bravely  
With bountiful ballets?"

"Honestly," owned I,  
"Tuny it is not;  
Nor yet aggressively  
Doth it, I grant ye,  
With ballets abound.  
For such name I not  
The respectable Norns,  
Spinners at sport [rope.  
With the skein of their skipping-  
Likewise the waterproof  
Three little Rhine-maids  
Loosely that watch  
Over the oof  
With kickless legs  
Elusively skirted,  
Hardly come under  
The heading ye hint of."

So for ward of my wife  
A substitute to win  
Successful I sought.

But lo! leave thee I must;  
Warns me my watch  
That due is the Dusk.  
Well I wot for no wight,  
Not even for Royalty,  
Bideth of ruthless  
RICHTER the bâton.  
And loth were I reaching  
Late to the Ring  
In the whelming night  
Mistaking my stall  
Unaware to elbow  
A wife not my own.

Duch. (carried away by alliterative sympathy). Tell shall I THOMAS  
A cab you to call?

Reg. For a Walkur to whistle  
Need is there none.

[He goes out; his voice is subsequently heard behind the scenes.

Hoyotoho! Hoyotoho!  
Hi! Hansom! Heiaha!  
To the Hall of the Hoop!  
To the Waning of Wallhall!  
Hahei! Hoop-la! Heiaho!  
O. S.

## CUCKOO!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I hasten to announce that while walking to business this morning I heard the cuckoo's welcome note. The sound was not so faint as to be a suspicion, but was clear and distinct. "Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" and so forth—it was repeated ten times: the hour was precisely 10 A.M. I mentioned the occurrence to one of my colleagues, a man well-versed in natural history, who was at first incredulous, but, on considering all the circumstances—date, climatic conditions, &c.—decided that it was indeed the note of the cucullus horologicus.

Surely, dear Sir, ten cuckoos are enough to make an English summer.

Yours truly, AUDITOR.

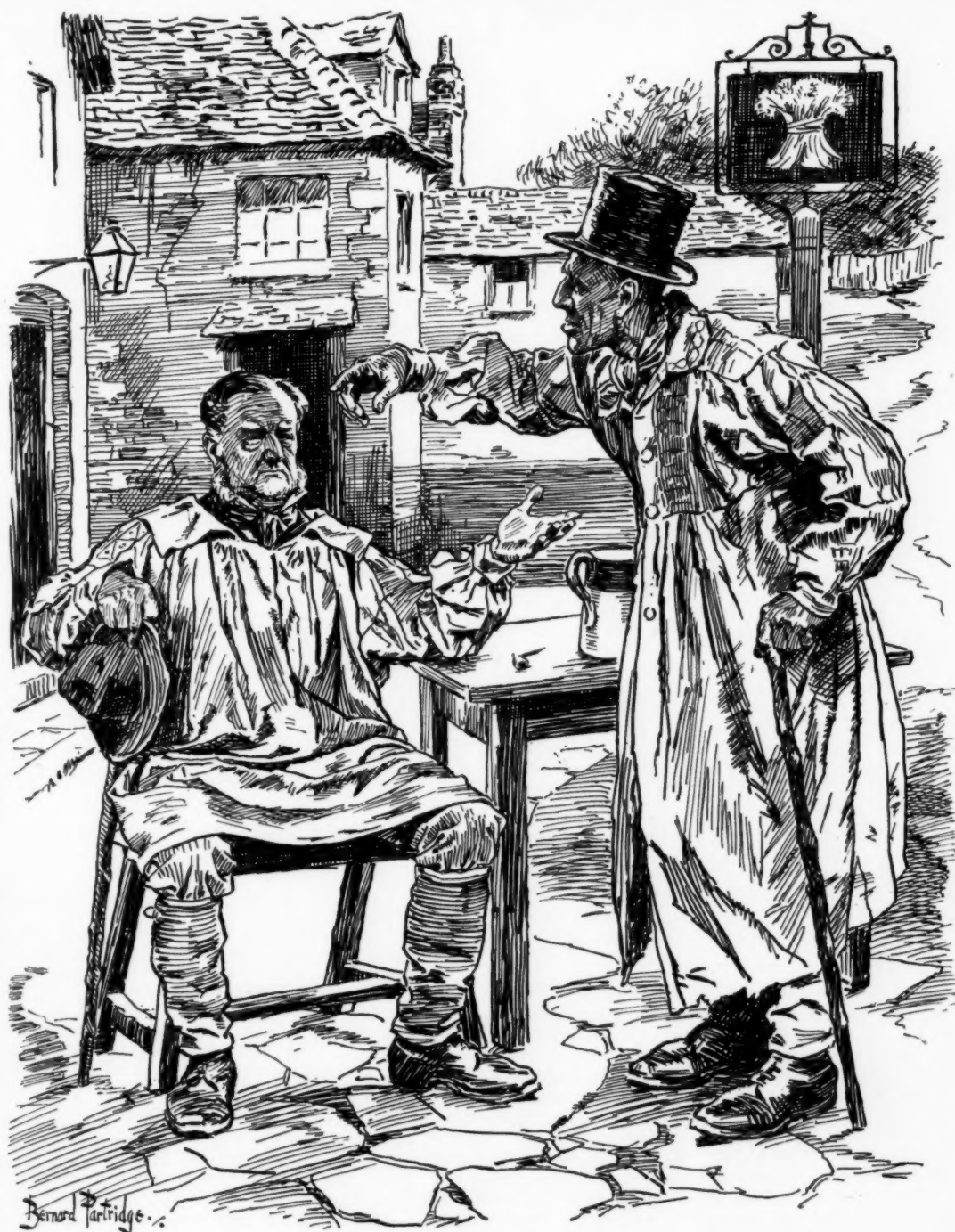
P.S.—Despite the definite evidence of my ears, supported by the naturalist's well-considered dictum, a spirit of incredulity appears in the following contemptible lines which were placed on my desk during the luncheon interval, and insolently addressed—

"TO AN OLD CUCKOO."

When "Summer is icumen in,"  
And vernal gales blow piercing keen,  
With extra blankets round the chin  
We dream of seasons that have been;  
While hands are chapped, and red, and sore,

We long to hear that cry once more:

"Cuckoo!"  
Cuckoo! cuckoo!" which gladsome note  
Hath not as yet been heard, I wot.

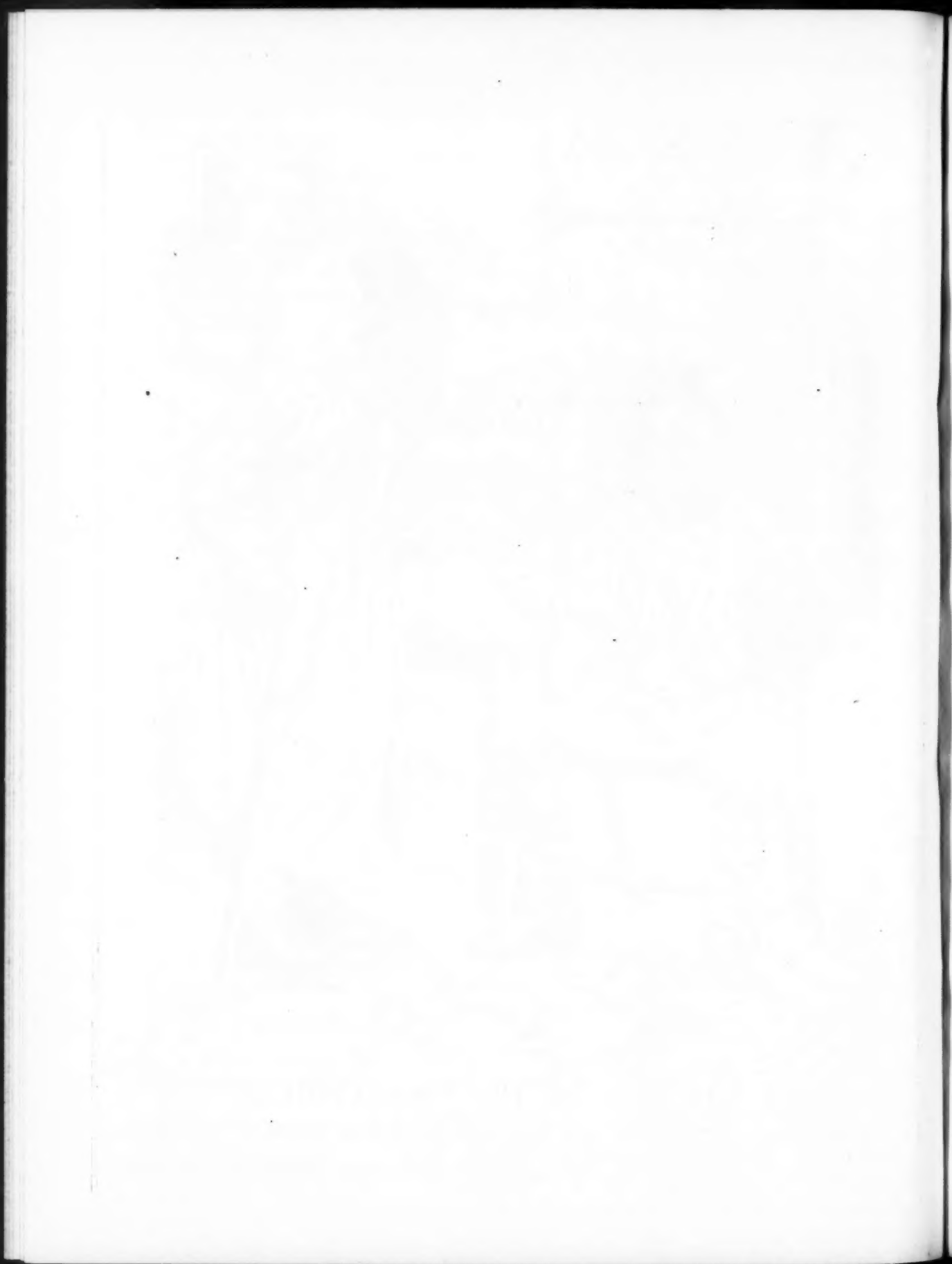


Bernard Partridge.

### AT THE SIGN OF THE "WHEATSHEAF."

GAFFER L-WITH-R. "WHY, 'TWERE ON'Y LAST YEAR AS SQUOIRE BEACH 'E GIVE WE A SHILLIN', AN' SAID IT 'UD BE SAME EVERY YEAR, 'E DID."

GAFFER CH-PL-N. "AY! AN' NOW THIS 'ERE NEW INTERLOAFER, SQUOIRE RITCHIE, COME ALONG, AN' 'E LOP IT ORF!"







## UP TO DATE.

*Elsie.* "MISS TIMMINS TOLD ME TO-DAY IN THE GEOGRAPHY LESSON THAT STONEHENGE WAS OVER TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD."

*Jack.* "WHAT NONSENSE! WHY, IT'S ONLY 1903 NOW!"

## MEMBRESSES OF PARLIAMENT.

HAVING regard to the fact that a woman has recently applied for admission as a barrister, and also to the fact that from the Bar to Parliament has come to be looked upon as a natural gradation, we need not be surprised if in a few years we find the "Parliamentary Notes" of our daily papers reading something like this:—

In the debate on the Bond Street Window Bill in the House of Peersesses yesterday the Leader of the Opposition, the Lady FURMELOUGH, in a very effective speech severely criticised the hat of the Government Leader, describing it as retrograde in the extreme. The Duchess, replying for the Government, said that the hat was absolutely the latest thing, and that if the Opposition Leader depended on something else than the cheap fashion papers for her information, she would know it. The Duchess concluded a heated tirade, in

which she characterised her opponents as "horrid things," by bursting into tears. Salts having been administered, the House rose.

We hear that Lady LENA FITZWE, the Première, will personally introduce the great Corset Bill.

The election of Mrs. JONES, the eminent charwoman, is considered a great blow struck for democracy. The Tories are aghast, and Lady LENA, for whom Mrs. JONES chars, was very angry when she heard the result of the poll. Yesterday, when Mrs. JONES was being introduced, Lady LENA, who at the time was speaking on the Better Control of Husbands Bill, stopped suddenly, and having surveyed the new Member contemptuously for some moments, gave her a week's notice of the termination of her charring engagement.

We understand that it is proposed

during the summer months to hold Committees on the Terrace, tea and buns being served during the progress of debate.

It is rumoured in the Lobby that in view of the strained relations now existing between this country and Germany our Ambassadors at Berlin has been instructed to wear a last year's gown. It is hoped that this move will have its effect in modifying the attitude of the German Chancellors, who has for some time been chagrined by the modish Parisian toilettes of our British Representative.

The Deceased Husband's Brother Bill was thrown out for the twenty-third time yesterday.

It is rumoured that the winner of the Stock Exchange race will give an exhibition in the Broad Walk at Oxford during the Eights.

## VI-KINGS ESSENCE; A NORSE TRAGEDY IN A TEA-CUP.

(Condensed, with apologies, from the admirable Ibsen production at the Imperial.)

## THE FINALE.

The Feast-Room as before: Old ÖRNULF is still waiting for an explanation.

Gunnar (pulling himself together). So thou hast found thy way back, eh, old warrior? Tell thou us what hath happened?

Örnulf. I learnt that KARE the Peasant was faring after your little EGIL. Then, with my six wolf-cubs, did I fare after KARE. Having an Icelandic relish for dramatic surprises, I carefully left everybody under the impression that I was faring to be the first to give little EGIL his bane—but (proudly) old ÖRNULF is too keen a sportsman to wage warfare against nippers. KARE we overtook—and never had I a more enjoyable scrimmage, and little did I deem that so arrant a cur would turn out so shrewd a fighter! All my wolf-cubs have I left behind me.

Gunnar (concerned). What? All six of 'em! Hard luck and a baleful hap is this, greybeard!

Örnulf (with well-bred indifference). Nay, of no consequence is it, since THOROLF still remains to me.

Little EGIL. I want THOROLF! He promised to carve for me some little wooden warriors.

Örnulf (with growing uneasiness). So he did. By the by, where is my boy THOROLF?

Gunnar. Why—er—the fact is, there's been a bit of an accident. He—er—a battle-axe fell on him, somehow, and—

Hjördis. Let me break it to him! (To ÖRNULF) It was entirely THOROLF's own fault. (Volubly) The fact is, he distinctly told us that thou wast splitting little EGIL's head open—and thou wot'st thou didst serve one of my family like that already—and THOROLF had no manners whatever—he didn't seem to understand my delicate *badinage*—and his repartees were really too impossible—and, naturally, GUNNAR was annoyed, or else he would of course never have dreamed of correcting him with a battle-axe—and, well—that's how it was!

Örnulf (calmly). Well do I see that thou art a woman—for thou tellest a simple story in such long-winded phrases. If THOROLF is done for, he is done for—and there is an end of it!

Little EGIL (whimpering). Then I shan't have my little wooden warriors!

Örnulf. Be a man, my boy. I've lost all my little wooden warriors, but as thou see'st I don't make a fuss about it. (After little EGIL is removed by a handmaid) I remember my manners—whatever other people may do. (To GUNNAR) Where saidst thou THOROLF was hit?

Gunnar (reluctantly). Behind the scenes.

Hjördis. But not behind him. In the breast—or thereabouts. Oh, thou may'st be quite sure that GUNNAR did it beautifully!

Örnulf. If ye will kindly excuse me, I will go out and see for myself. Trouble not yourselves to follow. Old as I am, I hope that, when I do dine out, I can still set an example of correct deportment. [Goes out with quiet dignity.]

Hjördis (hysterically). Ha-ha-ha! I wot this is the last time that ÖRNULF will dine under this roof-tree!

Daggy (shocked). For shame, Hjördis! Most unfeeling is such a remark, under the circumstances!

Gunnar (to Guests). Coffee will ye find in the adjoining apartment. [Guests retire reluctantly.]

Hjördis. That ÖRNULF slew my father I might have overlooked—but that he should allude to me as a "Wild Duck," that can I not get over! And at all events, it is clear now that GUNNAR is a better man than SIGURD!

Daggy. High time is it, Hjördis, that thou wert

informed that GUNNAR is no warrior at all—but a mere weakling!

Sigurd (aside to her). Have a care, lest thou let the cat out of the bag unawares!

Daggy (in wild indignation). No longer can I keep it in!—for too long hath she crowed over me. Hjördis, it *wasn't* GUNNAR that slew thy Big White Bear, but SIGURD! And thou gavest him a ring—and here is it on my arm—so now!

Hjördis (in a terrible voice). GUNNAR, is this thing true?

Gunnar (with lofty calm). It is. But—save only for a constitutional dislike to danger—no coward nor weakling am I, Hjördis!

Sigurd (cordially). That thou art not, and right ready am I to punch the head of him that sayeth otherwise!

Daggy (ungenerously). Well, Hjördis, which is now the braver—GUNNAR or SIGURD?

Hjördis (without a moment's hesitation). Why, SIGURD, of course! (Embracing him.) He is my Master Bear-Killer!

Sigurd (in confusion). I—I ought to explain that I undertook the exploit entirely to oblige dear old GUNNAR.

Hjördis. Nay, not so, but for love of me was it done—whether thou wert ware of it or not!

Sigurd (politely). If thou sayest so, then doubtless—but all that is over, now that I and DAGGY—

Hjördis (with disdain). DAGGY! Fit helpmate is she for a man of men like thyself! No intelligent interest doth she take in thy viking, nor loveth she the sight of blood and the merry swordgame as I do. Therefore henceforth let her and GUNNAR be out of the saga, and us twain fare forth together, as true comrades, in harness of steel.

Sigurd (deeply moved). If I could only think that thou wouldst be quiet in harness—but no, I cannot really entertain so unconventional a proposal.

Hjördis. Say'st thou so? Then (turns to GUNNAR, who has been listening dejectedly), a loving wife will I be to thee as of yore—on one condition: that thou slayest SIGURD here upon the spot!

Gunnar (shrinks back involuntarily). Tempt me not, Hjördis! Small heart have I to slay so old and attached a chum as he.

Hjördis. Then, SIGURD, must thou challenge GUNNAR instantly to mortal combat.

Sigurd (puzzled). But why on earth should I do that, Hjördis?

Hjördis. It is the ordinary Viking etiquette. Hath not GUNNAR struck down THOROLF, thy kinsman by marriage?

Sigurd. Bent art thou on egging me on to a row! So be it, then—I do challenge thee, GUNNAR. (Aside to GUNNAR) Fear not, for a walk-over shall this combat prove for thee.

Gunnar (affected). Once more thou ventur'st thy life for my honour! (Aloud) I accept the challenge.

[Cries without; re-enter ÖRNULF, leading THOROLF, the back of whose head is plastered.]

Gunnar. So THOROLF lives! Well I wotted that such an axe— (To SIGURD, relieved) Off is our encounter!

Örnulf (to GUNNAR, with mild reproach). Nicely hast thou bungled this business. For THOROLF here has gotten naught from thee but a contused wound—and not even in front!

Hjördis (disgusted). A weakling indeed art thou, GUNNAR, since thou couldst not even slay an unarmed stripling from behind!

Gunnar. No fault is it of mine. I should like to see any of you do better—with a property-axe! And after all, as things have fallen out, it is just as well as it is. (To ÖRNULF) Thou wilt stay and partake of supper with us?

Örnulf (stiffly). Nay, there is naught for me to do here now! The sooner I get THOROLF aboard and sail for Iceland the better.

Sigurd. DAGGY and I must be making a move, too—got to go on to the ÆTHELSTANS.

*Hiördis (in dismay).* But surely ye are not all running away so early? When there are two long Acts to come!

*Örnulf.* I fear we cannot stay for them. Stoutly hast thou striven, Hiördis, to bring about some baleful hap—but the Norns are too strong for thee, and never, I ween, wilt thou be able to bring it off.

*Sigurd.* No, I should give it up if I were thou—I would, really.

*Hiördis (in a growing frenzy).* I will not! ÖRNULF and THOROLF may depart if they will—but thou at least must stay until I have woven a bow-string from my hair, and crooned fair sorceries over it, and shot thee through the breast—for surely I can hit such a mark at five paces!

*Gunnar (to himself, overjoyed).* Then she does love me after all. Fancy that!

*Sigurd (mystified).* But why in the world shouldst thou shoot me through the breast, Hiördis?

*Hiördis.* Surely must it be obvious that, unless I shoot thee and cast myself into the sea, thou and I will never be able to ride together through the storm to Valhal on coal-black cockhorses.

*Sigurd.* Nay, that rede avails not, for under no circumstances could I now make one in such an excursion—(frankly) since I stayed at King ÆTHELSTAN'S Court I have come to disbelieve so entirely in Valhal and coal-black cockhorses.

*Dagny.* And he's going to give up viking, too, and settle down, Hiördis, and right sure am I that the audience will find a happy ending less depressing.

*Hiördis.* Then are they weaklings and no earnest students of the Norwegian sagas! But since it seemeth that none of ye will do aught to gratify my feminine love of excitement, I shall mayhap be enabled to survive your departure.

*Örnulf.* Ay, the game is over. And now aboard. Long will it be ere we forget this forthfaring!

*Hiördis (perfunctorily).* So glad am I to have seen thee. Do not omit to look us up the next time thou comest a-viking in our neighbourhood.

[ÖRNULF, THOROLF, SIGURD, and DAGNY go out, accompanied by GUNNAR.

Presently GUNNAR returns, to find Hiördis standing moodily apart.

A silence.

*Gunnar (sadly).* Shall I ever bring a ray of sunlight into our joyless home, Hiördis?

*Hiördis (indifferently).* It matters not—for we are lighted artificially, from above.

*Gunnar.* H'm—I've been thinking that, if I were only to go sharply to work, some big thick book I might surely manage to write—or develop our little EGL's possibilities and a conscious happiness create in him. Or I



#### AMENITIES OF THE PROFESSION.

*Rising Young Dramatist.* "SAW YOUR WIFE IN FRONT LAST NIGHT. WHAT DID SHE THINK OF MY NEW COMEDY?"

*Brother Playwright.* "OH, I THINK SHE LIKED IT. SHE TOLD ME SHE HAD A GOOD LAUGH."

*R. Y. D.* "AH—ER—WHEN WAS THAT?"

*B. P.* "DURING THE ENTRA'CTE. ONE OF THE ATTENDANTS DROPPED AN ICE DOWN HER NEIGHBOUR'S NECK."

might even get up some high mountain peak or other.

*Hiördis (with more interest).* Not mountain peaks—but towering spires! Couldst thou climb them?

*Gunnar (dubiously).* Mayhap—some fine day. (To himself) Fortunately, even the Midnight Sun doth not often penetrate to these parts!

*Hiördis.* Wouldst thou object to my keeping another Big White Bear outside my Bower?

*Gunnar.* In nowise—provided that the animal be properly muzzled.

*Hiördis (relenting).* Then shall by-gones be by-gones, and together will we sit, thou and I, through the long dark winter evenings, while the green

glass funnel goes busily round, and the merriment thrives, as we listen to the wailing of the Kelpie in the boathouse, and the jangle of the Dead Men riding past our door on their coal-black steeds to Valhal!

*Gunnar (overcome by the prospect).* Ah, Hiördis, if only it could be!

[Embraces her timidly as the Curtain falls. F. A.]

A FRANK CONFESSION.—A correspondent, writing to the Editor of the *Daily Graphic*, says: "SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the missing statue of JAMES THE SECOND, which I took in 1897." This explains everything.



## PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

## No. VIII.

I USED often to wonder how a chap managed to have a book published. It's difficult enough to get anything you write into a newspaper. The regular fellows who do the writing there are a hungry lot, not to speak of their thirst. I've seen plenty of them in my time, men who did the accounts of fires, or the carriage accidents to peers, or the strange disappearances of magistrates, or the shocking suicide of a barrister, and it's easy enough to understand that, as they make their meat and drink out of these bits of jobs, they should be jealous of a comfortable well-dressed chap who happens to come along and gets his stuff into the paper. Of course the more he gets in the less they have to show, and the result is they band together to keep out the amateurs—at least that's the way APSLEY explained it when I asked him why he didn't let the papers have some of his writing. Well, if it's hard to get into a newspaper it must be harder still to have a book printed, with every bit of it done by yourself, and your name on the title page all to itself—at any rate that's the way I always looked at it.

I think I told you I did a bit in the poetry line when I was sweet on EMILY COLLINS, but it didn't seem to come to much, so I put it by. I did manage to finish three pieces. One was called, "To EMILY's Bag: Lines written in the Kensington High Street." It began this way:—

O EMILY, whenever I see you walk abroad  
A pain goes through my heart like a pointed sword.  
You walk in silk and satin and you carry a little leather bag,  
And your step is as light as air and as graceful as a stag.

Then it went on to wonder what was in the bag. Was it merely a handkerchief, or a pair of gloves, or a powder puff? And it ended by my wishing I was in the bag myself, so as to be carried about by EMILY for ever. It was a pretty little thing, and ROGERSON, to whom I showed it, said there was something very original about the metre—I don't quite know what he meant, but that was what he said.

The second poem was "To Miss COLLINS on her Birthday," and the best verse in it was this one:—

We'll shout hurrah, and dress and dine,  
And we'll send dull care simply galloping away,  
When we feast on peaches and ices and ruby wine,  
To celebrate EMILY's natal day.

There was a good swing about that, and it ought to have been set to music. Anyhow, I know the rhymes were as right as rain, and if you get the rhymes correct there's not much else to bother about. The third one was longer and more romantic. I imagined EMILY carried off by brigands in masks, with pistols and daggers, and me dashing out of a forest to rescue her, and getting stabbed to the heart by the chief brigand, but just having time to say this before I expired (you've got to expire in that kind of poem—you don't die; it's too common):—

For thy dear sake I suffer gladly.  
Hear me before I expire: I love you madly.  
So carry this my last message home to thy mother:—  
I wish you to be happy and soon to marry another.

I started a lot more, but I suppose the inspiration had gone off, for I couldn't finish them at the time, and when matters between EMILY and me came to a standstill, owing to my mistaking her mother for her in the way I told you, I put the bundle away in a drawer and locked them up. If it hadn't been for the accident I daresay I should have finished the whole lot then and there, but perhaps it was better so. Everybody tells me that if you're a poet when you're young you're bound to go to the bad (or die of consumption or heart disease. It's only the old poets that

have a chance of being respectable or going on to a good age. So it's just as well I stopped in time. You see I had only started on poetry a month or two, hadn't got far enough into the business to take up a course of dissipation or catch any serious complaint.

It all came back to me about four years ago when I was turning over some old papers. Suddenly I came upon my poems to EMILY, and they made my heart jump. She's very stout now—farmers' wives in Essex seem to run to fat—and she's got half a dozen children, but somehow you can't forget when you've once been fond of a girl. I looked them all through, and it struck me the three finished ones were jolly good—every bit as good as you see in the newspapers and magazines. So I thought to myself:—Why shouldn't I set to work and finish them off, and shove in a few more to make up a proper lot and then get them printed in a book?

## Dan Te and Dan L. at Drury Lane.

(Conversation overheard at exit of Gallery after the performance.)

First Gallery Boy. IRVIN's first-rate.

Second Gallery Boy. So he is, Matey. But wot I say is it's 'ard on DAN LENO a-shuttin' of 'im up in that there tower.

First Gallery Boy (indignantly). Garn! oo're yer gettin' at? That ain't DAN LENO in that there 'ole!

Second Gallery Boy (positively). Yuss, I tell yer, 'tis. Didn't yer 'ear 'em say, "You go LENO," as if a-tellin' 'im to 'ook it and get away from that winder?

[Exeunt severally.]

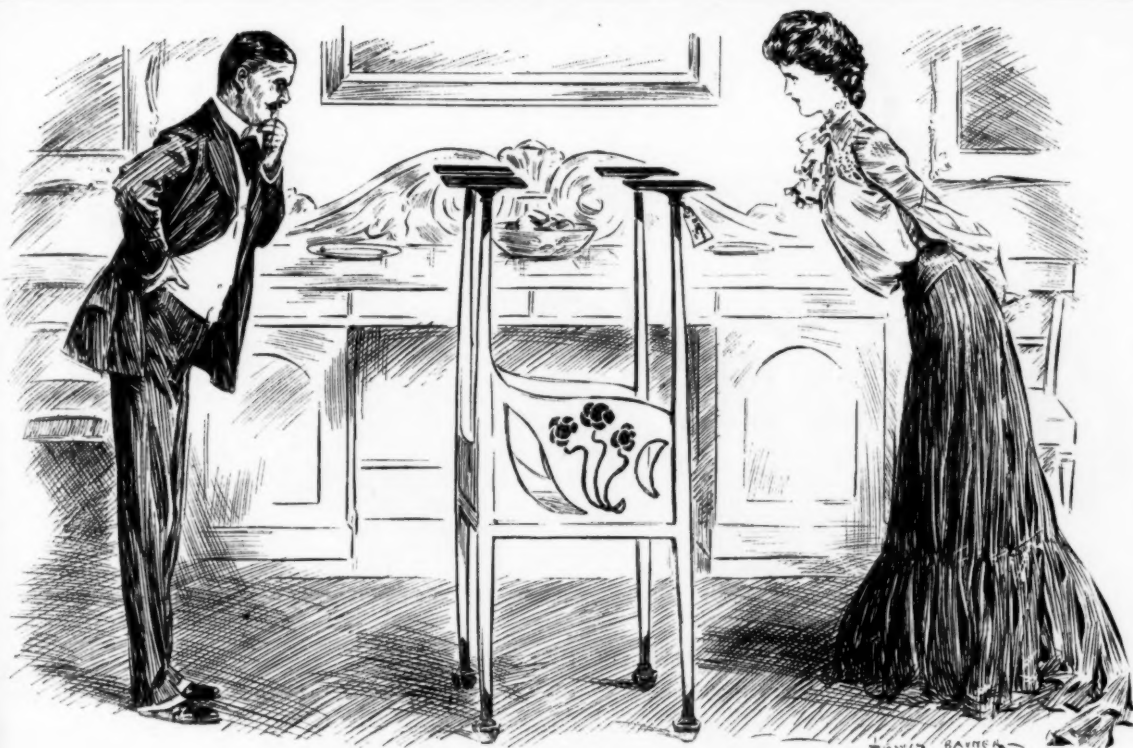
"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."—This proverb is admittedly true when put into practice. It is, therefore, somewhat discouraging to read in the "City News" of the *Times* last Wednesday how "The Money Market paid off what it owed to the Bank, but was not very easy after having done so." (The italics, by the way, are ours, so we do what we like with them.) It was most upright on the part of the Money Market to pay its just debt to the dear Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, but why feel any qualms of conscience after this strictly honourable conduct? Wasn't the Market's own money used? Did it pay PAUL with what of right was PETER's? We pause for a reply—and are likely to continue pausing for some considerable time. We sincerely trust that the M. M. has by now quite recovered its conscientious equilibrium.

"PLAYING WITH FIRE."—There is a wonderful dramatic show at the Earl's Court Exhibition which goes "like a house a-fire." The opening day last week was characteristic of a Fire Brigades Exhibition as being both warm and watery, and finishing [at night with a regular downpour. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE opened the show. No *contretemps* occurred to mar the general success. Everybody expressed their burning desire for the success of the show; all were pleased, and no one was "put out."

CHEERY SUGGESTION.—A correspondent, writing to the *Author*, suggests that instead of an expensive banquet once a year to bring authors together for their own social benefit and for the advantage of the caterers, the Society of Authors, when able to afford it, should give its members an annual dinner "as a bonus." Form of invitation might be, "Come and pick a bonus with us."

PUBLICATION PROBABLE.—The 'Tisn't of the Town, by the author of *The Taint of the City*.





### THE DISCOMFITURE OF THE PHILISTINES.

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH ARTFUL AND CRAFTY PUZZLE BY ARTISTIC FRIEND. (QUERY—IS IT THE RIGHT WAY UP? AND, IF SO, WHAT IS IT?)

#### A POST-PRANDIAL RECORD.

THE annual opening of the Royal Academy Gems-Show at Burlington House took place on Monday, the 4th, and the great artistic display of the year was ushered in as heretofore with the Grand Banquet of the Immortals, given in honour of the occasion to Royalty, to demi-gods, some divines, many notables, and a sprinkling of happy guests from the Fortunate Isles. A brilliant scene. An evening memorable, in the first place, for the clearly delivered and most interesting speeches made by the President, Sir EDWARD POYNTER, and, secondly, for the graceful reply of the Prince of WALES, whose allusion to "my dear father's" illness and providential recovery was most touching. The comic element was introduced into the entertainment by Admiral Sir JOHN FISHER, who, had not Britannia chosen him for her service in the Navy, would have made his fortune as a genuine low-comedian. Being called upon to return thanks for the Navy, the gallant Admiral had no sooner risen to the occasion than he went into action with both arms, much to the disquietude of his messmates, of whom one was the warlike Mr. BRODRICK. The commencement of the Admiral's comic soliloquy went enormously; then the breeze dropped and there was a slight lull. Finding himself, when serious, in the doldrums, he hauled taut to windward, caught a capful of the popular breeze, and getting on the right tack, sailed into port (or champagne) amid the hearty laughter, loud cheers, and lusty plaudits of all hands ashore and afloat. The President and Council, on whom falls the task of casting the speech-makers and making the character fit the toast, are to be heartily congratulated on this "naval engagement." The evening was also memorable for the speech of Dr.

JOACHIM, who spoke with the bottled-up emotion of twenty years' absence from the Dinner, reading his music—that is, his notes. And to omit nothing that emphasised this evening as specially memorable, there remains but to record the presence of Mr. JOSEF ISRAELS, the very small man but very great painter of the Dutch Marine service, whose admirable work on this occasion received the heartiest praise from the President, speaking in the name of the Royal Academicians and of all lovers of art. It is as a note of so exceptional an evening that Mr. *Punch* places this Mem. on record "in perpetual memory of the thing," although it doth appear more than a day after the Fare. For the exhibition itself it is universally admitted to be well above the average, containing certain specimens of the very best art which, briefly, it would be invidious here to particularise.

**HIS LUCKY STARS!**—Best wishes for his Health and Happiness. Likewise Heartiest Congratulations from Mr. *Punch* to his good friend Sir NORMAN LOCKYER, K.C.B., the astronomer, whose forthcoming marriage has been just announced. "Sir NORMAN," remarks the *Westminster*, "has been leader of more eclipse expeditions probably than any man living," and, by Venus, he is "eclipsing himself!" The Pleiades will attend as Bridesmaids.

**FITNESS OF THINGS.**—A guardian on the board of a lunatic asylum objected to an item in the quarter's accounts representing a glazier's bill for mending the windows. His argument was that it was quite in keeping with the nature of such establishments that the glass should be cracked.



### ARMS OF PRECISION.

Volunteer Subaltern (as the enemy's scout continues to advance in spite of expenditure of much "blank" ammunition). "IF THAT INFERNAL YEOMAN COMES ANY NEARER, SHY STONES AT HIM, SOME OF YOU!"

#### PRODDING PROHIBITED!

"[Under the new régime at the Zoological Gardens, the practice of prodding certain of the animals to make them 'show off' will be prohibited."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

I've always dearly loved to see—

Their keeper's rod the feat abetting—  
The lemur leap from tree to tree,  
The ostrich gaily pirouetting;  
But dash'd with gall is now my cup,  
Life's wine no longer tastes full-bodied,  
Since at the Zoo they've posted up:  
"The animals must not be prodded!"

Ne'er shall the grizzly, cowering 'neath  
The suasive stick, to dance be smitten;  
Nor any lion show his teeth  
To reassure me I'm a Briton;  
The leopard shall not change his spots,  
The tapir trip it with his mate, or  
The cobra tie himself in knots,  
To please the casual spectator!

The slim giraffe, stiff-neck'd and proud,  
No more shall dread its playful keeper;  
Nor the hyena laugh aloud,  
Fearing the next prod may be deeper;  
Beneath no titillating touch  
Shall elephantine beasts grow nimble;  
Nor shall the "slithy toves" and such  
Respond, when asked to "gyre and gimble!"

But though my tears are falling free,  
And threnodies I loosely scatter,  
Since creatures like the chimpanzee,  
Unless they choose, no more will chatter—

I'm glad to think, as from the Zoo  
Clubwards my lonesome way I'm  
plodding,  
That I have friends—a number—who  
"Show off"—without the need of  
prodding!

#### HISTOIRE DE CHIEN.

PARIS,  
*Rue Neuve des Petits Chiens, 4.*

MONSIEUR LE RÉDACTEUR.—C'est avec plaisir que je m'aperçois que le *Spectator* (voyez le numéro du 25 Avril par exemple) raconte continuellement des "dog-stories;" mais il ne faut pas vous imaginer que les bêtes intelligentes se trouvent uniquement de l'autre côté de la Manche. Justement, j'ai un caniche qui est de la première force quant à la sagacité. Je l'envoie tous les deux jours au débit de tabac, qui fait le coin de la rue, me chercher du "caporal." Je lui donne parfois une pièce blanche, et il me rapporte toujours la monnaie. Maintenant, attention, s'il vous plaît! Vous savez, n'est-ce pas, que le billon étranger n'a plus cours ici en France? Eh bien, voici ce qu'a fait l'autre jour cet étonnant animal! Je l'envoie comme d'ordinaire chez le marchand de tabac. On lui offre deux sous italiens. Il refuse absolument de les prendre et se met à grommeler comme quatre. Pas moyen de le pacifier. Enfin on lui donne du bon cuivre de la

République française, et il s'en va content, la queue en l'air!

Et puis, il porte le sentiment national à un degré presque exagéré et tout-à-fait phénoménal. Rien de si patriote que ce toutou-là! Il a déjà mordu cinq Anglais, trois Américains, trois Italiens, un Espagnol et un Allemand—ce dernier excessivement gros. Mais, voici le bouquet! Voici le véritable triomphe de l'intelligence canine! Depuis que tout le monde s'apprête à applaudir avec enthousiasme la visite du roi Edouard, ce chien a entièrement renoncé à croquer les Anglais! Vive l'intelligence! Vive la diplomatie!

Il est vrai que ce phénomène a aussi mordu dans le temps quelques Français par-ci par-là, mais il y a tout lieu de croire que c'étaient des Dreyfusards—et puis le pauvre animal est myope, ce qui explique bien des choses.

Reste à immortaliser son nom dans les pages de votre délicieux journal. Il s'appelle *Jean, Auguste, Hippolyte, Achille, Cincinnate, Danton et Cerbere*.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma haute estime, et de ma considération la plus distinguée.

JEAN PIERRE CHAUVIN.

#### Exercise for Dyspeptic Millionaires.

INVENTOR of New Carriage, only one fit for South African roads, wants to meet Financier to push same.—*Advt. Financial News*.



## DOGBERRY IN SOMALILAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

*Dogberry* . . . RIGHT HON. ST. JOHN BRIDGES.

*Watchman* . . . SERGEANT OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES.

DOGBERRY. "YOU SHALL COMPREHEND ALL VAGROM MEN; YOU ARE TO BID ANY MAN STAND."

WATCHMAN. "HOW IF A' WILL NOT STAND?"

DOGBERRY. "WHY, THEN, TAKE NO NOTE OF HIM, BUT LET HIM GO; AND PRESENTLY CALL THE REST OF THE WATCH TOGETHER, AND THANK GOD YOU ARE RID OF A KNAVE."

*Much Ado, Act iii., Sc. 3.*







Jones (the adventurous). "It—it 's GETTIN' ALMOST TOO D-DEEP, I FEAR, MISS HOOKEM!"

Miss Hookem. "OH, PLEASE DO GO ON! IT'LL BE THE FISH OF MY LIFE!"

Jones (who is not a champion swimmer). "M-MINE TOO!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 4. —HENRY IRVING has lost great opportunity. Casting about for *dramatis personæ* in the Hades episode in *Dante* he forgot Mr. COGWHEEL, né COGHILL, Member for Stoke. A long time since the English stage has presented a scene at once so realistic and picturesque. *Dante* and *Virgil*, dropping into Hades after dinner, walk round and with garrulous curiosity examine the unfamiliar scene. *Dante's* quick sight discovers an iron ring in what, to casual glance, looks like innocent plank. Pulls it up; enterprise abundantly rewarded. There pops up, Jack out of the box, a gentleman accommodated with backboard set at convenient angle. The receptacle resembles a matchbox in which there has been an accident: it is full of smoke and flame. Awkward, but evidently not dangerous, for the gentleman's clothes are not even singed.

It is in the conversation that follows

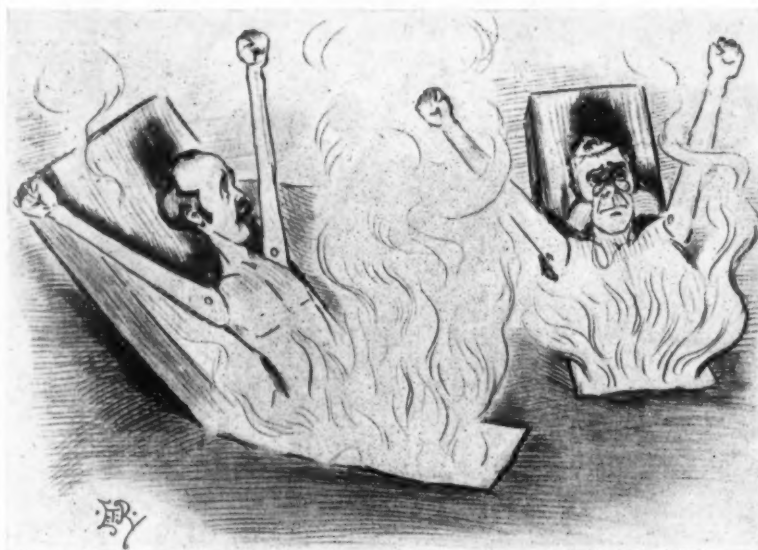
that the mind flashes back to Mr. COGWHEEL, and the fulness of IRVING's lost opportunity is realised. Asked how he feels to-day, the unsinged gentleman in the fiery matchbox, with an attitude of awful boredom, in a querulous voice grumbles discontent. Apart from the matchbox effect, he reminds one of the man at the Club we all know, for whom the beef is ever overdone, the mutton underdone, the soup cold and the coffee execrable.

That in a general way. More directly, more effectively, COGWHEEL to-night, lacking the expensive accessories provided by managerial art at Drury Lane, vividly recalls the discontented gentleman in the flaring matchbox. Second Reading of Irish Land Purchase Bill on. GEORGE WYNDHAM, with magic wand priced at twelve million sterling, with national credit pledged for another hundred million, has wrought a strange thing in Ireland. Landlord and tenant clasp hands and swear eternal brotherhood. Mercy (represented by WILLIAM O'BRIEN) and Truth (Colonel SAUNDER-

SON by request,) have kissed each other. The only person who feels a little doubt on the matter is the British tax-payer who has to pay for the wand. He, however, is smoothed down with assurance that in addition to doing a noble, generous thing, he is, on the whole, making a good bargain. Henceforward Irishmen will dwell together in unity; the mere paying off of the police will cover considerable proportion of annual expenditure under the scheme. Leaders of Opposition "hesitate dislike," but stop short of expressing it by hostile motion.

Mr. COGWHEEL, above all weak considerations, resolves that if he stands alone he will move rejection of Bill. Sir TROUT, not to be outdone in chivalry (moreover having a speech ready), volunteers to second the amendment. Back to back they keep the bridge against the motley host of Home Rulers and Unionists, landlords and tenants, Radicals and high-toned Tories.

Mr. COGWHEEL superb; his very figure as he springs up to move amendment is suggestive of note of indignant



SCENE FROM "DANTE" AT WESTMINSTER.

"Deluded, defrauded, betrayed!"

"A condition of slow combustion fed by regret at Unionist apostasy."

(Mr. Coghlin and Sir G. C. Trout B-rtly.)

exclamation! Rooted discontent expressed in every gesture, echoes in every sentence. "Deluded, defrauded, betrayed!" he cried, throwing up his arms with gesture of despair closely imitated from the action of the grumbler in the candent matchbox at Drury Lane just before the lid is dropped down, and *Dante* and *Virgil* walk off arm in arm to interview another recluse.

It was over PRINCE ARTHUR, recreant leader of a Unionist Party, that Mr. COGWHEEL's bitterest tears were shed. What was he going to do next? Mr. COGWHEEL in the confidence of the domestic circle had heard something of a Home Rule Bill to follow Land Purchase. Was there any foundation for the rumour? "I pointedly put the question to the Prime Minister," he said, revolving on his axis with foreboding creak.

PRINCE ARTHUR joined in the laughter of a ribald House. But he was evidently not altogether at ease, recovering equanimity only when, on the cue "betrayed!" the lid of the box fell on Mr. COGWHEEL, who was understood thereafter to resume a condition of slow combustion fed by regret at Unionist apostasy.

*Business done.*—Second Reading of Irish Land Bill moved.

*Tuesday night.*—Never till this moment realised how depressing were

THOMPSON'S *Seasons*. In this so-called twentieth century T., having become a Doctor of Medicine, and Member for North Monaghan, spells his name with a "p." Circumstance does not mitigate the affliction of his verse. With copy of it under his arm turned up this afternoon on resumed debate on Irish Land Bill. Understood last night that House, above all things a business assembly, recognising that work upon the Bill cannot begin till Committee stage is reached, would this afternoon pass Second Reading.

Arrangements made accordingly. But on meeting at two o'clock, PRINCE ARTHUR received notification that Dr. THOMPSON proposed to give a reading of his famous work; that LONSDALE on other side must speak for at least three quarters of an hour; that other eminent authorities, recognising that the country wanted to know what they thought of the matter, would overcome natural shyness and discourse at length. Nothing for it but to rearrange ordered business of the week, postponing conclusion of debate on Land Bill till Thursday.

House consented to the inevitable. Gave up the sitting to THOMPSON and other minor poets. On one point implacable: would not remain to listen to their lucubrations. So debate, continued at full pressure through speeches by

WILLIAM O'BRIEN and EDWARD GREY, suddenly collapsed, leaving the theme to solitude and the Member for Monaghan.

This a matter of small account to a man who, according to *Dod*, has "written several pamphlets on Hygiene, Vaccination, and Medical Education. Also *The Trial of the Maguires*." Which of these pamphlets the Doctor was rattling through as he stood well out on the floor below the Gangway was not clear. One of the rules of debate peremptorily forbids a Member to read his speech. Aware of this, expecting every moment interruption and an injunction from the Chair, the Doctor, holding his portly manuscript in both hands, bowed along at a pace that defied pursuit by the sharpest ear.

Early in the performance it became clear that the first impression was erroneous. It was not *The Seasons* THOMPSON was reading. A sentence caught at the end of the first quarter of an hour hinted at Hygiene as the topic. Immediately after, an allusion to "the arm of the law" suggested Vaccination. Towards the end a certain dramatic movement, a balancing attitude on outstretched legs, as if one were considering his verdict, imposed on the now fevered imagination conviction that what the Doctor really was reading was *The Trial of the Maguires*.

To which branch of a well-known family the implicated parties were related, and what was the verdict, nobody knows. Like JOHN GILPIN on his ride to Edmonton, the further the Doctor fared the faster grew his pace.



The Young Napoleon and the Irish Sphinx.

"Have I solved it?"

(Mr. W.ndh-m.)





A Brighter Light in the "Black-eyes" of Rosaleen.

(Mr. Tim H-ly's quotation amended.)

For half an hour he had been committing grievous breach of orderly debate. If the SPEAKER's inexplicable toleration lasted longer, surely some Member would rise to a point of order. He had pages more to read. The only thing was to hasten on. This he did to the full length of forty minutes, falling back exhausted in his seat amid enthusiastic cries of "Encore!" from his delighted countrymen.

*Business done.*—House mustered in overflowing numbers to hear debate on Second Reading of Land Purchase Bill concluded and to take part in division. Dr. THOMPSON, physician and surgeon, M.P. for North Monaghan, takes the floor, and reads interesting paper, giving full particulars of the dramatic incidents attendant on the Trial of the MAGUIRES. Meanwhile Second Reading of principal Ministerial measure of Session stands over till Thursday.

*Friday night.*—The MEMBER FOR SARK has a fresh grievance; associates it with me, though really I have no responsibility. Telegraphing to my Barkshire address he found himself, as he believed, surcharged by one halfpenny. Amount not much, but principle everything. SARK had the words recounted and found "TOBY, M.P." charged as three.

"How's this?" he asked the trembling clerk.

"It's the 'M.P.' Sir; order to charge it as two words."

"And how much do you charge for P.M.?"

"A halfpenny, Sir. According to the Regulations, though the letters are the same, being reversed we charge twice as much for M.P."

Truly the ways of the Telegraph Department are past finding out. SARK says that even though fourpence be

knocked off the Income Tax he can't go chucking about halfpence. Gives me notice that in future if he has to communicate with me by telegram he will address TOBY, "P.M."

"Same thing," he airily adds; "and it saves me a halfpenny."

*Business done.*—Debate on Trade Unionism.

### HAPPY ANIMALS.

A LECTURER at a Veterinary College recently stated in all seriousness that cows might be persuaded to give better milk if their mental requirements were better looked after. What the gentleman meant is not quite clear, but if his suggestion were carried out we might find advertisements as follows:—

#### MEADOW FARM DAIRY.

THE BEST EDUCATED COWS IN THE DISTRICT.

*Under the Special Instruction of our own Certificated Schoolmaster*

#### APPOINTED AD HOC.

Evening Classes are held regularly, with readings from *The Reflections of Margarine*; and a chorus from Mr. BRODRICK's Musical Opera, *A whey they have in the Army*, is sung aloud during Milking, thus ensuring Good Rich Milk.

*Avoid ignorant Cows.*

The example would of course lead to imitations, as:—

#### CERTIFICATED FOWLS.

No Fowl is engaged by us unless it has passed the Third Standard. A University Extension Teacher is under a permanent engagement to supply the necessary education. Lectures are given daily on Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER's works, when all Birds are expected to attend.

We guarantee all Eggs to be strictly moral and free from vice, as they are all laid under the supervision of an authority on LUBBOCK's *Pleasures of Life*. Examination Papers are set on the subject before any Bird is allowed to commence business.

Moral Training, Mental Culture.

Avoid ignorant Hens: they lay imperfect Eggs.

#### EDUCATED BACON.

At Lower Farm, Ditchcourt, will be found the best educated Pigs in this district.

Two meals a day and a BACON's Essay every morning.

No Pig is allowed to enter a Literary Competition.

Lectures weekly by an eminent Pro-Bore.

A passage from *The Belle of Chicago* after every meal, and a scene from *Resurrection* at bed-time.

We feed the Brains as well as the Body. The Result is Perfect Pork.

### DREAMS À LA DRUMONT.

[“England will take Algeria, and CHAMBERLAIN will realise his dream of being Duke of Algeria.”—M. Edouard Drumont in the “*Libre Parole*.”]

WHEN England takes Algeria,  
By force of arms or fluke,  
And makes it a Siberia,  
With CHAMBERLAIN as Duke:  
No longer melancholic,  
But full of fire and frolic,  
The Radicals will rollick  
Back into power and place:  
When England takes Algeria,  
And JOE becomes His Grace.

When Greece takes San Marino  
On reformation bent,  
And straight appoints DAN LENO  
To be its President;  
Then from the heights of Hæmus  
Will Romulus and Remus  
Descend with Polyphemus  
In revelry insane:  
When Greece takes San Marino,  
And DAN begins his reign.

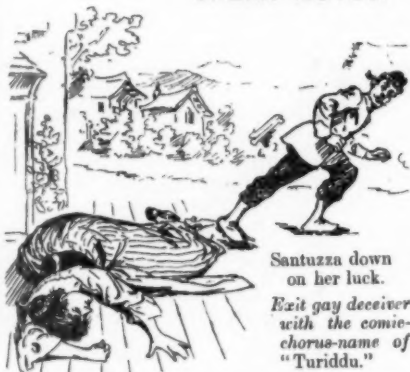
When Mona's Isle is captured  
By battleships from Spain,  
And when the Dons, enraptured,  
Proceed to crown HALL CAINE:  
O, won't the Pope feel better,  
And WILHELM send a letter  
Conferring on his Vetter  
An Eagle with three necks?  
When Mona's Isle is captured,  
And CAINE becomes her Rex.

When Russia captures Delhi,  
And, lopping CURZON's head,  
Instals MARIE CORELLI  
As Begum in his stead:  
What marvellous romances,  
Teeming with luscious fancies,  
What weird Macabrous dances  
Her pen will perpetrate:  
When Delhi has CORELLI  
As ruler of the State!

When China learns from Harris  
In homespun tweeds to dress,  
And when Lord ROSEBERY marries  
The Dowager Empress:  
O what felicitations,  
What sumptuous oblations,  
What orotund orations  
From Malwood will flow in:  
When ROSEBERY quits Harris  
To be a Mandarin!

When Ireland is a nation,  
And all the joybells ring  
To hail the importation  
Of DRUMONT as her King:  
Then will the waves of Liffey,  
No longer swart and snuffy,  
Yield freely in a jiffy  
Superlative ozone;  
When Ireland is a nation,  
And DRUMONT's on the throne.

## OPERA NOTES.



Santuzza down on her luck.

Exit gay deceiver with the comic-chorus-name of "Turiddu."

*grins* do I not remember! "Way down upon the Swanee River, Far, far away," as *Elsa* might have sung had WAGNER been a student of the American negro minstrelsy. Herr KRAUS, as the typical German light-headed, that is, flaxen-haired hero, *Lohengrin*, appears as a robust defender of injured innocence. Herr KLÖPPER's *Heinrich der Vogler* is better in singing than in acting. Perhaps as a *Vogler* he would be perfect in whistling. Pity he has not a "Whistling Coon" song. Madame BOLSKA is a sweet *Elsa*. Herr MÜLLER, singing excellently as *Telramund*, loses not one single point of the many "penny-plain-and-twopence-coloured" chances offered by this muller-dramatic villain-with-a-vengeance. Herr MÜLLER has always with him a limited chorus of companions in crime, suggesting a reminiscence of the ancient *Muller and his Men*. Fräulein REINL's *Ortrud*, that first cousin of *Lady Macbeth* by the WAGNER side, is powerful vocally, and melodramatically. Herr KRASA as *Heerrufer*, with his four gentlemen from the Royal College of Arms, a quartette for a whist party with trumps always handy when called for, is impressive and tuneful, a compliment that could not be paid to the chorus, which on one occasion wandered far away from the beaten track, that is, the track beaten for them by Herr LOHSE, the much-suffering, and, on such an occasion, almost helpless conductor. Brilliant house: all parts as well filled as those in the Opera.

**Tuesday.**—Second Cycle. *Das Rheingold* in four scenes. No curtain or drop scene used, but only clouds of vapour rising from the depths beneath the stage, symbolising how easily RICHARD WAGNER, under the very dampest of sub-aqueous conditions, and on every possible occasion, "can get up the steam." So a strange thing happens. Up from the profundity of stage-depths arise clouds of steam as from a giant's laundry, or Brobdingnagian cook's shop in the East End. This may be taken symbolically to show that WAGNER's work is not intended to "dispel the vapours." On the contrary, the audience is mistified. Then WAGNER blows off steam and we have arrived at Scene Two. Perfection of scenery by Artist BROOKE, who, as the Rhine river pictures prove, is a master in water colours, while the orchestra, increased to about a hundred all told, play as one man, and that man the consummate Wagnerian Dr. RICHTER.

But—save the mark—on what puerile nursery legend nonsense is all this wealth of music spent! I say "spent" advisedly, not "wasted;" but, granting some hidden meaning which the initiated alone can grasp, is the whole of this legend of the Rhine in any way superior to one of the best of German nursery legends by the Brothers GRIMM? However, as this is to inquire too curiously, let me record that, in the Aquarium, the three "fishy characters," *Woglinde*, *Wellgunde* and *Flosshilde*, were parts that went

**Monday, May 4.**—*Lohengrin*. The opening night of the regular season; Chapter the First, so to speak, of the story of Operatic life during the next three months: the prologue was given last week. How many *Lohen-*

swimmingly as portrayed and charmingly sung by Frau FEUGE GLEISS, Frau KNUPFER GLEISS, and Frau HERTZER DEPPE. Herr REISS was fearfully and wonderfully made up as the *Mime*, a kind of sub-river *Caliban*, and *Loki* (alias *Loge*) was well sung and acted by the stout hero Herr VAN DYCK. All were good. The audience (it was a crammed house) was literally in the dark, including His MAJESTY himself in the Royal box, who had no more light thrown on the mysterious plot than had his humblest subject in that packed assembly which sat, the evening through, in darkness visible. The KING had arrived only a few hours before from his triumphal continental tour, and his presence at the Opera, with the QUEEN, was most loyally and most heartily welcomed.

**Wednesday.**—A fine performance of grand Opera entitled *Die Walküre*, which, though its name has a pedestrian aspect, is the work of that great cyclist, RICHARD WAGNER. "O RICHARD, O mein König!" exclaim the devout Wagnerites, and this recalls the wanderer to the fact that VAN ROOY as *Wotan*, and Fräulein TERNINA as *Brünnhilde* (with the "dotlets" on the "u"), were at their very best. Like "the spirits from the vasty deep," all the artists were called, and what is more, all came before the curtain in answer to the summons repeated half a dozen times at the end of Act II. King EDWARD and Queen ALEXANDRA arrived early, as did all those who were anxious to get the benefit of what may be termed the appetising ante-prandial portion of the performance, from 5 to 6.15, returning at 7.45 for the "dessert à la WAGNER." Before dinner the house looked full; after dinner it must have felt just what it looked. And as to contented—well—an audience discontented with HANS RICHTER conducting so perfect an orchestra, would be indeed difficult to please.

**Thursday.**—"Operatic Bradshaw or WAGNER Cycle Time and Dinner Table Guide" informs us that the *Siegfried* train starts at 5, arrives at first station at 6.25, when an hour and twenty minutes is allowed for dinner, after which it resumes its journey at 7.45, passing through BRUCE SMITH's territory, *The Depths of the Forest*; steam up again, and on we go to the *Wood Bird's Nest*, where half an hour is permitted for refreshment (cigarettes, coffee and liqueurs), and then the passengers re-seat themselves in front of a *Wild Region in the Forest*. Thence proceeding, the wandering wanderer in the auditorium finds himself very much where he was with the Wednesday *Walküre*, in fact—"here we are again" on "the summit of the Valkyries' Rock" where *Brünnhilde* in "shining armour clad," fearing no foe, is fast asleep, with a helmet on her head by way of a comfortable knight-cap. The finish magnificent!

As the praise for all concerned remains the same, it need not be repeated here, but mention may be made of Frau FEUGE GLEISS as *Stimme des Waldvogels*, her singing in this mythological ornithological character being worthy of note—of WAGNER's note. Yet would not a diorama suffice, while the singers could be seated as at a concert?

**Friday.**—LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci* and MASCAGNI's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, with Mlle. STRAKOSCH as *Santuzza*. "For this relief much thanks!" To-night is memorable in present operatic annals as being the first appearance this season of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, in the character of "little mother" *Lucia*. Next week Mlle. BAUERMEISTER may be *Cupid*, *Venus*, or one of the gay ladies in *Carmen*. There is no sign as yet of Mme. CALVÉ for either *Santuzza* or *Carmen*.

**Saturday.**—We have our limitations. To-night we cannot cycle, but the cycling continues without us. The record of the first two weeks is excellent. The Opera has started in first-rate style.

### "THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER SAW."

THE pages of the new periodical, *V.C.*, being unable to accommodate all the answers to the Editor's appeal for details of the bravest deeds his readers ever saw or heard of, several contributors have kindly forwarded their experiences to *Mr. Punch*, who has great pleasure in reproducing them as under:—

#### THE BRAVE SOUSAPHONIST.

Mr. J. P. SOUSA writes that the bravest deed he ever witnessed occurred at Trombonville, Pa., in 1894. "I happened to be there," he says, "with my band on the day that twins were born to the postmaster of the town, a very popular gentleman. Nothing would do but that I should give an extra performance outside his house as a complimentary serenade to the happy mother. Accordingly we set off, the whole sixty of us, and took up our station in the roadway, the backyard, the verandah, and any other position we could manage to reach. In order to be seen by all I conducted from the summit of a haystack. We played several choice excerpts, and all was going well when the nurse came to the window with a twin on each arm. It was a fine day, and in the hope of catching more distinctly the strains of the 'Washington Post' she opened the window and leaned out. The room was on the second floor. As she did so, one of the twins, in an ecstasy of appreciation, lurched forward and fell out of the window. Our hearts stopped beating; the melody ceased; it was the most awful moment I have ever lived through. By good fortune, immediately under the window was the player of the Sousaphone, a resourceful New Englander who had recently joined my band. His mind was made up in an instant, and while the child was still in mid air above him, he raised his instrument, and, filling his capacious cheeks, *blew it back* into the nurse's arms! That was the bravest deed I ever saw."

#### A DAUNTLESS DRAMATIC CRITIC.

"I have no hesitation," writes Mr. C. F. MOBERLY BELL, "in crediting our Mons. WALKLEY with the most unparalleled feat of bravery in the annals of valour. Despite the fact that Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER is a man of Herculean strength, that Mr. H. A. JONES is as



G.R.H.

### THE PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.

[Sir EDWARD POYNTER announced at the Academy Banquet that Mr. JOHN MORLEY has been appointed Professor of Ancient Literature at the Royal Academy.]

skilled with the rapier as with the pen, and that the chief commissioner at the Garrick Theatre measures fifty inches round the chest, Mons. WALKLEY insisted on going alone on that memorable Saturday night, and with no other weapon than a copy of *Longinus on the Sublime*. There was one awful moment when the commissioner assumed a positively homicidal attitude, but on Mons. WALKLEY solemnly chanting the words *ὁφθαλμοὶ μεγάλα σφοδρόντες ἀπὸ χύμα* the giant fell back baffled, and has since entered for our competition."

#### THE HEROIC CAMERA.

Mr. C. B. FRY writes:—"The scene of the bravest deed I ever witnessed was—where do you think?—a photographer's studio. I had been hard at work all day being photographed (alternating with the Rev. R. T. CAMPBELL, another Sussex celebrity), and the camera was tired out. Yet it had still work to do. There were some minutes of good daylight left, and I had not yet been taken reading Sir WILLIAM ANSON's *Principles of the English Law of Contract* as I made a catch, or delivering the peroration of my lecture on the wider wicket—two very necessary scenes. I grasped the copy of Sir WILLIAM ANSON's *magnum opus* in my hands and posed for a sharp return at mid on; but the camera refused to take the picture. The photographer compressed the india-rubber bulb, but all to no purpose.

Threats and cajoleries were alike useless. The photographer swore at it, the Rev. R. T. CAMPBELL preached at it, and I punished it unmercifully. Our efforts were useless. I cut it for two, I drove it for four, I slogged it for six; but without avail. Then the chief photographer was called, and Mr. CAMPBELL told him the story in his choicest rhetoric. He understood at once. 'Our camera is an advocate of passive resistance, and abhors the very name of Sir WILLIAM ANSON,' he said. It was true, for directly I substituted a copy of the *British Weekly* I was taken as if nothing had happened.

"Now that is what I call courage. Anyone can do a brave deed under conditions of excitement, but to be brave for an idea is finer."

#### AN INTREPID PONTIFF.

Mr. HALL CAINE locates the scene of the bravest deed with which he is acquainted at the Vatican. "The hero of the incident in question," he writes, "was that venerable nonagenarian, Pope LEO THE THIRTEENTH, who on the occasion of our first interview actually confessed that he had never read one of my books."

#### A DOUBLE-BARRELLED HERO.

Mr. SWINBURNE writes:—"Incomparably the most impavid exploit engraved on the tablets of my memory is that of THEODORE WATIS-DUNTON in assuming a second surname. As THEODORE WATTS he was already writ large on the eternal bed-roll of fame. That he should consciously handicap himself with a dissyllabic suffix argued a confidence in his sublime genius nothing short of Napoleonic. Well do I remember the night on which he decided on this momentous and epoch-making venture. I remember his exact words.

"'ALGY,' he said, 'what do you think of DUNTON?'

"'What's DUNTON?' I asked in a perfervid paroxysm of amphibious astonishment.

"'Ah,' he said, 'there you have it. Your unerring clairvoyance has come off as usual.' His eyes glistened, and he looked more like his portrait by ROSSETTI than he has done any time these many years.

"I argued with him, I strove with him, I fought with him to dissuade him from this perilous plunge. I urged upon him the imperative call of alliteration."



tion. 'Why not,' I said, 'why not WATTS-WUNTON?' I made clear to him all the disadvantages of duplicate nomenclature. But he was adamant. Without a moan or a murmur he turned his back on his unhyphenated past, and took up the burden of his double name. He has never complained since. It was the bravest deed I ever saw."

## VIVE L'ANGLETERRE.

II.

*Le même café du Boulevard. M. DURAND et M. DUBOIS assis. M. DUPONT arrive, un numéro du "Times" à la main.*

*Durand.* Ah, le voilà! Toujours occupé de ses leçons d'anglais. Quelle obsession!

*Dupont.* Mais c'est embêtant, mon cher. J'ai beau acheter le *Times* pour apprendre l'anglais! Figurez - vous qu'à présent on commence à écrire ce journal en français! Ce matin je m'installe tout tranquillement, le *Times* de mercredi à la main, mon dictionnaire et ma grammaire sur la table, et je trouve, pour ma leçon d'anglais, les *Impressions Parisiennes* d'ÉMILE FAGUET en français. Des phrases très drôles, de toutes petites phrases de trois mots, de deux mots, d'un seul mot même, tout à fait comme une conversation dans le Métro, où l'on se sert de petites phrases à cause du vacarme.

*Durand.* Parfaitement. Dans le Métro il faut crier, il faut hurler. Mais dans le *Times* on est tranquille.

*Dupont.* C'est peut-être le langage des impressions. Je n'en sais rien. Mais pour apprendre l'anglais qu'est-ce que je puis acheter à l'avenir?

*Durand.* Un journal français naturellement. *L'intransigeant*, peut-être, deviendra tout-à-fait anglais.

*Dubois.* Mais le *Times* est toujours grand amateur de notre langue. Le *SARCEY* actuel du *Times* n'est pas anglais.

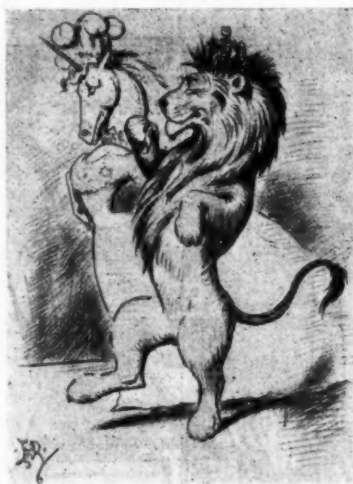
*Durand.* Vraiment?

*Dubois.* Non. Ni français non plus. Il est né probablement aux îles de la Manche. J'ai entendu dire qu'il s'appelle WHACKLY. Il se sert d'un mélange des deux langues. C'est évidemment le patois de Jersey.

*Durand.* Tiens, tiens!

*Dubois.* Et cependant c'est un grand journal. Eh bien, mon cher DUPONT! Vous avez l'air ébahi. Qu'est-ce que vous regardez comme ça, sans mot dire?

*Dupont.* Ah pardon! C'était bien stupide de ma part. Mais, si je puis le demander sans indiscrétion, votre superbe chapeau, votre huit-reflets anglais, où est-il donc? Votre habit, aussi, n'a pas l'air tout pimpant neuf comme à l'ordinaire. Si j'ose vous le dire—



HOLYROOD, May 12, 1903.

"Lion King-of-Arms will present Unicorn Pursuivant."

(Extract from Official Programme.)

*Dubois.* Ha! ha! Quel œil de commissaire de police! Mais je vais vous expliquer ça. Vous avez entendu parler premier résultat de la visite du Roi ÉDOUARD. C'est l'impôt sur le revenu à l'anglaise.

*Durand.* Mon Dieu, mais oui!

*Dubois.* Ce n'est pas la faute du roi. Il est très bon garçon, toujours souriant. Il n'a jamais l'air morne et fâché de GUILLAUME d'Allemagne. Non, c'est ROUVIER qui désire cet impôt. Et cependant ce n'est pas absolument à l'anglaise. Au lieu de perquisitions gouvernementales, l'impôt sera réglé par l'aspect du malheureux rentier. Donc j'ai ma petite idée. Je ne porterai plus des habits comme il faut. Je me mettrai en costume de vieux professeur en retraite, ou de petit rentier de province. Comme ça je ne payerai pas d'impôt du tout. J'ai commencé aujourd'hui.

*Durand.* Mais nous n'allons pas imiter l'Angleterre à ce point là.

*Dubois.* Alors, tant mieux. Je puis continuer à m'habiller en *smart gentleman*, et je ne deviendrai pas anglophobe. *A miss is as good as a mile.*

*Durand.* Une miss? Où est-elle? Ah, c'est une de vos amies! Quel homme! Toujours les femmes.

*Dubois.* Pas du tout. Je suis très sérieux. *Couste a respectable man.* Mais l'impôt anglais! Ah non, c'est trop fort! Eh bien, je m'en vais. Au revoir!

*Dupont.* Nous partons aussi. Au revoir! [Ils sortent.]

THE "WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC."—Wanted, a Groundman who can bowl from May for twelve weeks.—Advt. in the "Athletic News."

## THE NEW HELICON.

[According to the *Glasgow Evening News*, it is calculated that 95 per cent. of the inhabitants of Paisley are poets. Mr. JOHN MOFFAT, prospective Unionist candidate for the burgh, recently inaugurated a grand lyrical contest among the bards, and the prizes have just been distributed.]

Where is the nest of singing birds  
Where every infant turns his  
Rondeau and sonnet? Where are herds  
Of FERGUSONS and BURNS?  
Where do they string the lyre and sing  
Like anything?

In Paisley.

Where is the new Mæcenas? Where  
The Prince who patronises  
The poets with his welcome care  
And still more welcome prizes?  
Ah, where is he with hand so free  
Of L. S. D.?

In Paisley.

Where is the magic spot could lure  
From Hippocrène's waters  
From Helicon, remote, secure,  
Great Jove's immortal daughters?  
Where could Muse meet with fairer seat  
For her retreat?

In Paisley.

Where do the gaunt black chimneys  
pour  
Their smoke in every weather?  
Where do the mill girls most adore  
The fringe and curly feather?  
Where slave and mool the sons of toil  
Mid grime and oil?

In Paisley.

"GOOD BOZINESS."—In the *Daily Telegraph* for Thursday last is to be found the statement that the new Anglo-French resort *Le Touquet*, associated with the memory of "Boz," has been acquired, bought, and paid for (bravo!) by the Anglo-French Syndicate. And just in the very week when our KING was being cordially greeted in Paris by President LOUBET, undoubtedly a most favourable omen for *Le Touquet*, as this advance towards us of French cordiality is a *Pas de Calais* in the right direction; so, as England does the same, the step may be described in Anglo-French (the future language of *Le Touquet*) as a "*Pas de Two*." Is Mr. JOHN WHITLEY (& Co.) anywhere about? *Je crois que "je vois Ulysse dans cette affaire."*

THE "TIMES" COMPETITION.—The *Encyclopædia Britannica* Syndicate, in an advertisement of their monumental work, asks the rhetorical question, "Who is it by?" A correspondent writes to enquire whether he would get full marks for this question if he made out a list of contributors and wrote underneath, *It is by they.*